

RUINS OF INTEREST IN HEART OF ROME

Regarded as Probably More
Noted Than Is the Fa-
mous Forum.

PALACE OF THE CAESARS ON THE PALATINE HILL

But Little Evidence Found, However,
of the Magnificence of the
Imperial Days.

Staff Correspondence of The Star.

ROME, May 29.—Next, perhaps, to the Colosseum, which is open to the public without fee, the Roman Forum is best known to visitors in Rome, for it lies below the level of the streets surrounding it, save on the east, and can be studied easily from an open vantage point at the western end, under the shadow of the Tabularium, which in ancient times crowned the Capitoline hill. But there remains in the heart of modern Rome a still more striking series of ruins; historically perhaps even more interesting than the Forum, which is practically hidden from view until actually visited. This is the so-called Palace of the Caesars, on the Palatine hill immediately adjoining the Forum.

Actually Rome started on the Palatine, and it is there that the archeologists are now chiefly engaged in unearthing the remains not merely of the imperial structures, which came at a comparatively late period, but of the republican buildings and even of the pre-republican Etruscan masonry.

The earliest record of occupation of the Palatine is borne in a legend to the effect that in the eighth century before Christ a colony of shepherds set out from the Alban mountains, where the population had grown too great, crossed the Campagna with arms and flocks and took possession of the hill surrounded by marshes, where, safeguarded by almost perpendicular rocks, they settled with their wives and flocks. They were descendants of Aeneas, and their leader was Romulus, the wolf's nursing. It was on the 21st of April, runs the tradition, the day sacred to the goddess Fides, worshipped by these shepherds, that Romulus dug the first furrow for the construction of the walls, and hence came the origin of "Rome's birthday."

Origin of the Title.

The hill gained the title it bears today from the name of the goddess under whose protection the new city was placed. Yet there are traces of an even earlier occupation of this eminence than by the Etruscans from the Alban mountains, but nothing practical is at hand to identify the dwellers or to fix the time of their residence. When Romulus had built his wall and the Sabine women had been stolen, the war with the Sabines followed and the earliest of the Palatine temples was built on the northern slope, that of Jupiter Stator. The temple was dedicated to thank the god for staying the Roman army when it started to flee before the Sabines in the Curtian marshes.

Some remains of this temple are now in evidence, a bit of wall overbuilt in later centuries by the emperors and by medieval constructors. Also, on the eastern side of the hill, is a trace of Etruscan work which some archeologists have declared to be the hut of Romulus himself.

Rome had seven shepherd kings, who lived on the Palatine and gradually extended their dominions to the lower lands, beyond the walls. Then came the republican period, of which only a few architectural traces remain, for the reason that the buildings were more scattered and the valley later known as the Forum Romanum had come to be occupied by some temples erected and several of the most famous men of this period had their homes on the height, including Cicero and Cato. But very slight foundations have been unearthed to furnish clues to the locations of any but the larger public structures.

The glory of the Palatine began when Augustus chose it for his imperial palace, and from his day until that of Constantine, a period of about 350 years, it was the heart of Rome, the scene of successive building enterprises on a great scale, and of ruthless destruction, as emperor after emperor razed walls erected by his predecessors to make room for his own creations.

It is recorded that Augustus, having seized the sole power over Rome in 29 B. C., began his elaborate series of constructions on the height overlooking the Forum in order to strengthen the people from thoughts about their lost republican liberties. Tiberius, his successor in 14 A. D., erected a sumptuous palace which remains today almost completely buried under the ruins of the palace of Augustus. The madman Caligula followed Tiberius with a large extension, which pressed the front of his palace into the very Forum, with the temple of Castor and Pollux as his vestibule.

Immense Buildings Constructed.

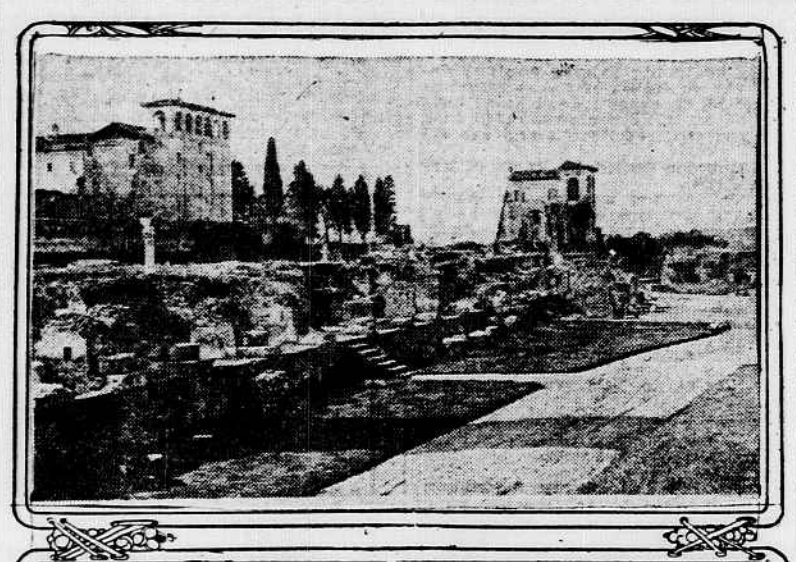
Thus the hill was gradually filled with immense buildings, all faced with white marble, decorated with rich carvings and statues, with fountains and temples, gardens and loggias. In course of time space on the height was so valuable that great engineering works were undertaken to enlarge the area. Thus, Septimius Severus, wishing to demonstrate as well as the Romans, made an extensive site for a great palace and a series of bringing materials up from the plain and extending the very hill itself, on the southern side.

No estimate of the cost of all these structures can possibly be made with any accuracy, but it must have been an enormous sum. In one day the labor was cheap in the days of the emperors, for it was the greater part the labor of unpaid slaves, but those slaves were the spoils of costly wars, and they were heavy expense in maintenance. The materials had to be transported long distances by the slow methods of the day, and taken altogether the sums were undoubtedly vast.

Today of all this wealth of construction, covering a period of three and a half centuries, practically nothing remains that is intrinsically worth a dollar. Yet the great ruins that crown the Palatine and are still revealed beneath its surface and below the foundations of medieval buildings are priceless. Whereas at one time they were freely disposed of the cool breezes and the faintly shining moon.

The arrangements were made by a committee consisting of George S. De Neale, chairman, and the foremen of the store. If you want work, read the want columns of The Star.

ATTRACTIONS FOR TOURISTS AT ROME



Upper: General view of the Palace of the Flavius, with the Villa of the Papyri in the background. Lower: Ruins of the Palace of Septimius Severus, on the Palatine.

structure on the Palatine which today presents a semblance of its original form, a colony of shepherds set out from the Alban mountains, where the population had grown too great, crossed the Campagna with arms and flocks and took possession of the hill surrounded by marshes, where, safeguarded by almost perpendicular rocks, they settled with their wives and flocks. They were descendants of Aeneas, and their leader was Romulus, the wolf's nursing. It was on the 21st of April, runs the tradition, the day sacred to the goddess Fides, worshipped by these shepherds, that Romulus dug the first furrow for the construction of the walls, and hence came the origin of "Rome's birthday."

Massive Walls and Arches.

Massive brick walls and arches stand on various parts of the hill—here a temple, there an emperor's dwelling, again a school for slaves or a library. Of particular interest are the ruins of Domitian's palace, part of the structure generally known as the "House of the Flavius," in one great room of which, identified by fragments of polished black marble, the wall facing the four-stricken ruler spent most of his time, trusting to the reflecting surfaces of the marble panels to ward off the approach of assassins, while he amused himself by killing flies.

Perhaps, however, the most clearly identified of all the parts of this great aggregation of imperial structures is the covered passage of Caligula's palace, called the crypto porticus, a long tunnel-like gallery, lighted by small windows near the crown of the arch, on one side. It is believed to have been within this corridor, descending to the sea, that the emperor as a means of safe passage from one part of his palace to another, that he was killed in 41 A. D. by a group of conspirators. He had been down in the forum attending a ceremony, surrounded by his guards, and was returning alone to his private quarters to see a Pyrrhic dance executed by youths brought from Asia when the assassins trapped him and his mad life was quickly ended in the dusk of this long, gloomy hallway.

Some remarkable views of Rome are obtainable from the Palatine, especially from the gardens of the Casino Farnese, a construction of the sixteenth century, in the decoration of which Michelangelo worked under the Pope Paul III. This is the best part of the hill, for from here can be gained the clearest conception of the wonders of the past while the present aspect is beautiful with flowers and trees.

Platforms Buttressed by Walls.

At the southwestern edge of the hill are several points of vantage, afforded by ancient platforms, buttressed by great walls. From here one looks down upon the site of the Circus Maximus, the greatest of the Roman places of entertainment. Here 200,000 persons could be seated to witness the games and races. It was the glory of the Palatine began when Augustus chose it for his imperial palace, and from his day until that of Constantine, a period of about 350 years, it was the heart of Rome, the scene of successive building enterprises on a great scale, and of ruthless destruction, as emperor after emperor razed walls erected by his predecessors to make room for his own creations.

Beneath the Farnese gardens and the foundations of the villa walls, the latter built over the palace of Augustus in the sixteenth century, are extensive ruins, yet to be excavated. The government owns all the property and is carefully uncovering the full extent of the great Palatine constructions will doubtless be revealed.

MANY ENJOY OUTING.

Second Annual Excursion of S. Kann, Sons & Co. Down the Potomac.

The second annual excursion given by S. Kann Sons & Co. to their many employees and friends took place last night, about 1,400 merry-makers leaving at 7:15 o'clock in the evening on the Charles Macalester for Marshall Hall and Indian Head. The boat stopped at Alexandria to take on the employees of the company in that city and then continued down the river, the trip being enlivened all the way with dancing and music.

At Marshall Hall the majority of the guests disembarked to enjoy the features provided for their entertainment. There were social in the evening on the Charles Macalester of the latest dances. Miss Mary Cordova and Edward S. Applebaum. The return trip was enjoyable because of the cool breezes and the faintly shining moon.

The arrangements were made by a committee consisting of George S. De Neale, chairman, and the foremen of the store.

If you want work, read the want columns of The Star.

WASHINGTON STOMACH SUFFERER IS RELIEVED ON EVE OF OPERATION

William H. Lacy Says One Dose
of Mayr Remedy Ended
His Troubles.

William H. Lacy of Washington, D. C., for three years suffered from derangements of the stomach and digestive tract. He was threatened with an operation. He tried Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy. In a short time he declared he had been restored. He wrote: "I have suffered three years every day with a miserable feeling and was treated by the best doctors, whom I know made some wonderful cures, but I was no relief."

"Three weeks ago they sent for a surgeon to operate on me. I read of your treatment and took a bottle. Whatever there was the matter with me has disappeared and I feel as well as ever. They say I am a little aged; I am 62 years old. I feel as well as I ever did in my life."

Letters like that come from thousands of users of this remedy all over the world. It will convince with the first dose—no long treatment.

Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy clears the digestive tract of mucous accumulations and removes poisonous matter. It brings quick relief to sufferers from stomach, liver and bowel ailments. Many declare it has saved them from dangerous operations; many are sure it has saved their lives.

Because of the remarkable success of this remedy there are many imitations, so be cautious. Be sure it's MAYR'S. Go to James O'Donnell's drug store and ask about the remarkable results it has been accomplishing—or send to Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, 124-126 Whiting st., Chicago, Ill., for free book on stomach ailments and many grateful letters from people who have been restored. Any druggist can tell you its wonderful effects.

narrow shoulders. He had been able to make her laugh—a thing George had never done. She wondered if David Starr could make her laugh now when it seemed to her that she was done, safely forever.

Evelina was a small, slim woman, and she was a forlorn lump, done up in faded blue calico, as she crouched aimlessly and listlessly, her fingers the dreary out of doors to the drearier indoors, when there was no fire and no prospect of anything better than cold tea and bread for supper. She hated to sit there, yet she dreaded more to go in. She wished that she could stop thinking. She almost wished that she could die and solve the whole desperate problem at once by shutting her tear-filled eyes and ceasing to draw breath.

The purr of a bell sounding near made her start, scattered her sad thoughts and brought the brightness of expectation to her wan face. The bell kept on jingling, and quickly it combined with a man's whistling, made the cheerless sound imaginable. Then the man appeared around the corner of the house. He had the bell in his hands and he was making it ring, playing with it as if it were a toy. When he saw Evelina he stopped whistling and lifted his cap.

"Good afternoon, lady. Don't you want to buy a nice door bell?" he inquired gently.

He was a small man, very clean, yet commonly dressed in a dingy, faded suit. He had dark curly hair and a dark mustache and dark eyes that smiled all the time. His mouth smiled, too, and showed even, white teeth.

"I noticed you don't have a bell on your front door," he urged. "I can put this on in ten minutes. It's a very nice little bell."

Evelina shook her head. "I can't afford to buy a bell. And then I don't know that I'm going to live in this house much longer, anyway," she said.

"You don't say?" He turned the bell in his hands once or twice thoughtfully. Then he whipped it into his pocket, which Evelina noticed was crowded and pulled out a combination can opener and tacker driver.

"I don't want that, either she said. "Then I bet here's something you do want." He put the can opener back into his pocket and brought forth a tinny box.

"Ink tablets," he declared joyously: "ten for ten cents and enough in one to make a bottle of ink. Just think of the saving! Ten bottles of ink at 10 cents—81—you get this for the price of a bottle. You can make your own letters you wish and never count the cost."

A faint color appeared in Evelina's cheek. "I never write letters," she said. "Don't tell me that, now. There's somebody just dying to tell me about letters—The man had sat down on the corner of the lowest step, re-spectfully remote from her, while he sang the praises of his wares."

"A fellow gets leg weary hiking it all day," he apologized. "Assorted or plain, did you say, miss?"

"I didn't say," Evelina answered. She was actually smiling. The man was funny. "I don't want either of them. I like to write letters. Besides, I've no money to buy with."

He that the truth," pondered the man, scrutinizing her wonderingly. "Then I want to spend, and they spend it. Such folk'll buy anything—ink or doors—bottle, no matter what. Why, just this morning I sold a package of postcards to a wood chopper that can't write or read a word to save his life. And to-day I sold a doorbell to a fellow that's boarding in a shanty out Arles way. Maybe he reckoned if he got the bell the door would be easier. You see all kinds of people and hear all sorts of things. I've seen enough funny things to fill a book."

"But when it comes to money—does it pay?" Evelina persisted.

"Oh, yes, it pays. I make considerable more'n I spend. I don't peddle just for my health or the fun I get out of it. Though if it wasn't for the fun I presume I'd go back to farming it, though funny. I don't want either of them. I like to write letters. Besides, I've no money to buy with."

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don't suppose it would be any use to show you the rest of my things? I carry in delishious pencils, keyrings, collar buttons. Any men folk?"

A quiver passed over Evelina's face. "My brother's dead."

The man did not answer. He had pulled out a package of fancy postcards and was regarding them seriously. He put them back in his pocket without mentioning them. "I carry a little of everything," he said. "When I empty out my pockets I fill 'em up again from my satchel. I wish I had something you wanted."

"There isn't anything I want," Evelina said. As she looked at the man an impulse seized her. "Do you suppose I could sell anything if I started out peddling?" she asked. "Is it hard to get folks to buy?"

He looked aside at her, laughing. "It is and it isn't. When folks are like you it is. But I don't meet that kind often. Usually they've got a little money."



"I'M DAVID STARR," HE SAID.

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ably. "I didn't know—I've got to do something," she said.

"Fahaw!" said the man. He squinted up at the little house. "Nice, cozy place you've got here?" he said. "I noticed that last spring I came round to see you then, but there wasn't nobody at home."

"I was likely out housecleaning." "You don't look strong enough for such work. But, man, they told me I was! Heavy enough for farm work, but I did it always till I set out peddling. I've got a friend, too, built like me and he's always farmed it. Has a tidy little place as you ever saw. I guess maybe you've heard of him. His name's Dave Starr."

"Dave Starr?" cried Evelina. "Why, he's my second cousin. And then she told him all she knew about David Starr. The peddler laughed. "My, the world's small, ain't it?" he said. "Dave's a pretty fair sort of a fellow. At least, his neighbor says so. He was silent a moment, playing with a handful of collar buttons. "He's told me about you—told me to look you up if I ever came this way."

"I'm glad you did," Evelina said. "Som'e I Dave's talking about coming out to see you."

"Is he?" cried Evelina. "I'd love to see him. Oh, what you ain't got body in the world that belongs to you right out and out you're glad of even a second cousin."

He interrupted her, nodding slowly. "That's what Dave says. He ain't got anybody, either. I guess he finds the farm pretty lonesome—winters especially."

The peddler stood up reluctantly. "Well, I guess